

OR,

A pretty Iest of a Brewer, and the Coopers wife: and how the Cooper served the Brewer in his kinde. To the tune of *The wiving age*.



**A**tend my masters, and listen well  
Unto this my ditty, which briefly doth tell  
Of a fine mery Iest which in Norfolk befell  
A bzaue lusty Cooper in that County did dwell,  
And there he cride worke for a Cooper,  
Maids ha'y any worke for a Cooper.

This Cooper he had a faire creature to's wife  
Which a Brewer ith' towne lou'd as deare as his life,  
And she had a trick, which in some wines is rife,  
She still kept a sheath for another mans knife;  
And often cornuted the Cooper,  
whi'e he cri'd, more worke for a Cooper.

It hapen'd one morning the Cooper out went,  
To worke for his living it was his intent,  
He trusted his house to his wines government,  
And left her in bed to her owne hearts content,  
while he cri'd, what worke for a Cooper,  
Maids ha'y any worke for a Cooper.

And as the Cooper was passing a long,  
Still crying and calling his old wonted song,  
The Brewer, his riuall, both lusty and young,  
Did thinke now of neme to doe him some wrong,  
and lie with the wife of the Cooper,  
who better lou'd him then the Cooper,

So calling the Cooper, he to him did say,  
Come home to my house, and make no delay,  
I haue so much worke as thou canst doe to day,  
What euer thou earnest, I'll bountifullly pay,  
these ydings well pleased the Cooper,  
oh this was braue newes for the Cooper.

Away went the Cooper to th' house of the Brewer,  
Who seeing him hard at his worke to endure,  
Thought he, now for this day the Cooper is sure,  
He goe to his wife the greene sicknesse to cure,  
take heed of your fore-head, good Cooper,  
for now I must worke for the Cooper.

So strait waies he went to the Coopers dwelling,  
The good wife to giue entertainment was willing;  
The Brewer & he like to Pigeons were billing,  
& what they did else they haue bound me from telling  
he pleased the wife of the Cooper,  
who better lou'd him then the Cooper.

But marke how it happened now at the last,  
Their sun-shine of pleasures was soone out-cast,  
The Cooper did lacke one of's Toolcs, and in hast,  
He came home to fetch it, and found the dooze fast;  
Wife, open the doore, quoth the Cooper,  
and let thy husband the Cooper,

Now when the good wife and the Brewer did heare,  
The Cooper at dooze, affrighted they were,  
The Brewer was in such a hobble feare,  
That for to hide himselfe, he knew not where,  
to shun the fierce rage of the Cooper,  
he thought he should die by the Cooper.

The Goodwife perceiuing his woefull estate,  
She hauing a subtil and politicke pate,  
She suddenly whelm'd towne a great brewing fat,  
And closely she coner'd the Brewer with that,  
then after she let in the Cooper,  
what's vnder this tub, quoth the Cooper,

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## The second part, To the same tune.

She hearing her husband that question demaund,  
 She thought it was time to her tackling to stand,  
 Take heed how you moue it, quoth she, with your hand,  
 For theres a line pig, was left by a friend,  
 Oh let it alone good Cooper,  
 thus she thought to coozen the Cooper.

It is a sow pig the Cooper did say,  
 Let me ha' it to my supper: the Good Wife said nay.  
 It is fir a Boze pig, quoth she, by my say,  
 tis for mine owne dyet, tis was giuen me to day.  
 It is not for you Iohn Cooper,  
 Then let it alone Iohn Cooper,

I would it were in thy belly, quoth Iohn,  
 And then quoth she so it shall be anon,  
 What ere become of it, saith thou shalt haue none,  
 Why standst thou here prating, I prethee be gone,  
 Make hast to thy worke Iohn Cooper,  
 worse meate's good enough for a Cooper.

Cannot a good wife haue a bit now and then,  
 But there must be notice tane by the Good man,  
 He ha' it to my dinner sir, doe what you can,  
 It may be I long to haue all or none,  
 Then prethee content thee good Cooper,  
 Oh goe to thy worke Iohn Cooper.

The Cooper mistrusted some knauey to be,  
 Who under the bzeewing fat, and therefore he  
 Was fully resolued for his mindes sake to see,  
 Alas said the Bzeewer then woe be to me,  
 Oh what shall I say to the Cooper,  
 I would I were gone from the Cooper.

You whoze quoth the Cooper, is this your boze pig:  
 He has bene well fed, for hes growne very big,  
 He epyther of him haue an arme or a leg,  
 He make him unable his taile for to wag.  
 Before he gets hence from Iohn Cooper,  
 He make him remember the Cooper.

Oh pardon me neighbour the Bzeewer did say,  
 And for the offence I haue done thee this day,  
 I am well contented, thy wrath to allay,  
 And make restitution for this my soule play,  
 Oh prethee forgie me Iohn Cooper,  
 And lie be a friend to Iohn Cooper.

If for this offence thou wilt set me cleare,  
 By bounty and loue to thee shall appeare,  
 He freely allow thee and thine all the yowre,  
 As much as yer'll drinke, epyther strong Ale or beere,  
 Then prethee forgie me Iohn Cooper,  
 Accept of my profer Iohn Cooper.

Oh, no, quoth the Cooper, He haue thee to thinke,  
 That I with my labour can buy my selfe drinke,  
 He geld thee, or lame thee, ere from me thou drinke,  
 These wordes made the Bzeewer with feare for to  
 he feared the rage of the Cooper,  
 yet still he intreated the Cooper. (Sticke)

The Cooper by no meanes would let goe his hold,  
 The Bzeewer cri'd out to the Cooper and told  
 Him, there was the key of his siluer and gold,  
 And gaue him free leaue to fetch what he would,  
 oh then he contented the Cooper  
 these tydings well pleased the Cooper.

If thou quoth the Cooper, wilt sweare with an oath,  
 To doe all thou tellst me, although I am loath,  
 I will be contented to pardon you both:  
 Content, quoth the Bzeewer, I will be my troth,  
 Here take thou my key, Iohn Cooper,  
 yea, with a good will, quoth the Cooper.

On this condition they both went their way,  
 Both Iohn and the Bzeewer, but Iohn kept the key,  
 Which open'd the Coffer where more money lay,  
 When Iohn the Cooper had made many a day:  
 this is a braue sight thought the Cooper,  
 He furnish my selfe thought the Cooper.

Iohn was so farre in affection with that,  
 That he tooke by handfulls and filled his hat,  
 I will haue my bargaine quoth Iohn, that is flat,  
 The Bzeewer shall pay well for vsing my fat;  
 He cry no more worke for a Cooper,  
 farewell to the trade of a Cooper,

This money can pacifie the greatest strife,  
 For Iohn neuer after found fault with his wife,  
 He left off his Aze, his Aze and his knife,  
 And after liu'd richly all dayes of his life,  
 he cri'd no more worke for a Cooper,  
 oh he left off the trade of a Cooper.

And in his merry mood, oft he would say,  
 If that I had hoopt twenty tubs in one day,  
 I should not haue got so much wealth, by my say.  
 Gouerney kind wife, for thy wit found the way,  
 to make a rich man of Iohn Cooper,  
 oh what a good wife has Iohn Cooper.

Let no marri'd couple that heare this tale tell,  
 Be of the opinion this couple did hold,  
 To sell reputation for silver or gold,  
 For credit and honesty should not be sold,  
 Thus endeth the Song of the Cooper,  
 That cri'd, ha'y any worke for a Cooper. *VINCE*